Boston, July 14, 1873

My Dear Friend Garrison:-

I thank you kindly for your pleasant and affectionate letter. The cases must be very rare, where there is an interval of 42 years between the first and second letter of a friend, as in our case. I remember well that interesting I read the first numbers of the Liberator, while I was an apprentice - not a line except my notice - and the first volume I had carefully bound. At that time I knew not of a single abolitionist in Portland or the whole State of Maine. I was alone, and loathed as well as I was able with the prejudices of those around me.

A few years before you started the Liberator, Benjamin Lundy went to Portland and I then became acquainted with him. He lectured on the subject of slavery in the 2d parish church, and there were not, I should judge, fifty persons present. But I was exceedingly interested in Mr Lundy, young as I was, and I had pleasant interviews with him. He was very sweet and remarkably modest and unobtrusive. I shall never forget him or his paper, which I used to read 2 pages — a column of which I have by me.

In July, 1831, you printed in your paper a large portion of the letter I sent you, and this was the occasion of your writing to me.

After a while I found me or two others in Portland who were interested on the subject of slavery, and none more so than my excellent friend, Gen. Fessenden. We called a meeting —

about a dozen were present. The General was president and I was secretary. We passed resolutions and afterwards printed a circular — a copy of which is in my possession — to which was attached the General's name and my own. I assure you, of this document I now feel proud.

Occasionally I would write for the Gov. Mirror, lines on the subject of slavery, and as soon as they were, you transferred them to the columns of the Liberator. Of course you did not know the author.

When I published a small paper of my own, I felt free to introduce the subject of abolition; but I remember with what fear I approached it. One miserable fellow undertook to convict me in a public hall in Portland. I wrote a short paragraph on the subject and printed it in the columns of my paper. The

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consequence was I was attacked in the public streets by the fellow, who cut on my face some four of five gashes, ~~with~~ with a raw hide, which bled profusely & lay me by for a few days & even now I bear the marks & one of the gashes on my forehead. The people would not interfere and the unjust Act I record only my dissent. Thirteen, eighteen days passed & I found letter finds and the cause is first known to prepare me in Portland.

About this time I added in my prayer some 14 stanzas to swell, the last of which is the following: and how true!

"And when die Carolina's King
Shall rest Olivia's shady wing,
What name in Freedom's ears will ring?
Garrison!"

And so I close on this my 63d birth day. God bless you & continue you for many years. Truly Yours

D. C. Colesworthy